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LOONEY TUNES

Merrie Melodies

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

AUG 25 1951

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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. *presents*

BUGS BUNNY

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE COMIC VALENTINE GET-UP, FUDDY? DIDJA LOSE A BET? HEH, HEH!

YOU WILL PLEASE WEFER TO ME AS PWOFESSOR FUDD OF THE SPACE FLYING SQUADRON!

SPACE FLYING SQUADRON?? YOU'RE NOT GONNA FLY ONE OF THOSE FLYIN' SAUCEPANS... ER... I MEAN SAUCERS??

NO! I'M TAKING A TWIP IN A WOCKET SHIP!

ROCKET SHIP? WHERE TO, DOC?

SOWWY, BUGS... IT'S TOP SECRET! SO LONG!

EH-H... SO LONG! SEND ME A POSTCARD!

WHAT'S UP, PORKY? WHAT'RE YOU SO WORKED UP ABOUT?

D-DID YOU SEE ELMER? WE MUST ST-STOP HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WHY?... WHAT DID HE DO??

IT'S NOT WHAT HE DID... IT'S WHAT HE'S G-GOING TO DO!

ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION HAS G-GOTTEN THE BEST OF HIM! HE'S G-GOING TO FLY HIS OWN ROCKET TO THE MOON!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

LOONEY TUNES AND MERRIE MELODIES, No. 144, October, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Chicago advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Subscriptions in the U.S.A., $1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions $1.20 per year. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright 1953, by Warner Bros. Cartoons, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world.

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IF FUDDY GOES TO THE MOON, HE'LL LEAVE THAT DEE-LICIOUS CARROT PATCH BEHIND, AND I CAN... HEH! HEH!

BUGSY!! WHAT ON EARTH COULD YOU BE THINKING ABOUT?

SHAME ON ME!

COME ON, PORKY! WE'VE GOTTA SAVE OUR GOOFY LITTLE FRIEND!

LOOK! HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE OFF!

STOP HIM! HURRY!

PUTT! PUTT!

ELMER FUDD

HURRY IS RIGHT! AH... HERE'S THE DOOR!

PUTT! PUTT!

FUDDY, OL' PAL! COME OUT! LET'S GO ON A PICNIC!... IT'S SAFER!

GO IN AND D-DRAG HIM OUT, BUGS! WE CAN'T L-LET HIM DO IT!

OKAY!

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS OVERSIZED WEINER, FUDDY!

SLAM!

FUDDY! WHERE ARE YOU?

OOPS!

BONK!

H-HEY! I SAID DRAG HIM OUT... NOT GO WITH HIM!

VROO-OOM!

HEY! WHO TOOK MY WOCKET SHIP?

ELMER!!

B-BUGS IS UP THERE! W-WE THOUGHT YOU...

OOH! THAT BUTTINSKY WABBIT!! I HOPE HE GETS ARRESTED FOR NOT HAVING A WOCKET DWIVER'S LICENSE!

OW! MY HEAD! BUT IT'S LUCKY I HAD SOMETHING TO FALL AGAINST WHEN I TRIPPED!

FUDDY ISN'T HERE, SO I'LL GO OUT AND STOP HIM BEFORE HE COMES ABOARD!

FOR GOODNESS' SAKES... WHAT'S THE EARTH DOING 'WAY DOWN THERE IN THE SKY?

THE EARTH? IN THE SKY?

JUMPIN' JUPITER! I'M IN OUTER SPICE! I MEAN, I'M IN INNER SPLICE! ANYWAY, I'M WAY OUT IN IT!

I REMEMBER FALLING AGAINST THIS CONTROL LEVER... OOMPH! NOW IT'S STUCK!

I'LL PUSH ONE OF THESE BUTTONS... MAYBE IT'LL STOP THE MOTOR, AND THE ROCKET WILL GLIDE BACK TO GOOD OL' TERRA COTTA!

HUH? POPCORN!!

FUDDY HAS ALL THE COMPORTS OF HOME HERE... AND THAT'S WHERE I WISH I WAS!

THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TRY TO SEE WHERE THIS THING IS TAKING ME!

HEY! I'M BEING FOLLOWED!

AND BY A FLYIN' SAUCER!

CLUNK!

THEY'VE COME ALONGSIDE MY ROCKET! NOW THEY'RE ATTACHING IT TO THEIR FLYING SAUCER!

OH, BOY! I'LL BET IT'S A RESCUE PARTY... SENT OUT TO TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!

UH-OH! WRONG AGAIN! THEY'RE TAKIN' ME TO MARS! I RECOGNIZE IT FROM MY GEOGRAPHY BOOK!

WE'VE LANDED... AND... UH-OH! I'VE GOT COMPANY!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

EE-EK! SORRY, FELLERS! THE LADY OF THE HOUSE ISN'T IN! COME BACK NEXT YEAR!

SLAM!

AFTER SEEIN' THOSE CHARACTERS, PORKY AND ELMER AREN'T SO BAD LOOKIN' AFTER ALL!

THE DOOR! IT DISINTERESTED... I MEAN DISINTEGRATED!

WHOOSH!

FSST!

-RUOY EVAHEB
SELF AND YOU
WON'T GET
HURT!

WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?? OH, I GET IT... YOU'RE MARTIAN MIRROR-MEN!

AND ALL I GOTTA DO TO UNDERSTAND YOU IS HOLD THIS MIRROR WHEN YOU SPEAK!

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'!

"WE MARTIANS ARE GOING TO INVADE EARTH AND WE WOULD LIKE SOME VITAL INFORMATION FROM YOU!"

O.K.?

SORRY, GRUESOME, BUT SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ON EARTH!

OK?

!ЯАЭ-ЯЭ

!TIAW

NO! NOT THAT! I WANNA LIVE... TO READ GOOD BOOKS... AND WALK IN THE SUNSHINE!

!ЯАЭ-ЯЭ !ЯАЭ-ЯЭ

... AND WET MY FEET IN THE MORNING DEW! OH-BOO! OH-BOO! OH-BOO!

THEY'RE LEAVING! I GUESS I'M TOO TOUGH FOR 'EM! HEH! HEH!

?YDAЭЯ

!YDAЭЯ

PUFF! PUFF!

I'LL SPWAY YOU NOW!

WE MARTIANS ARE SO CLEVER! BY USING OUR SUPER-SPRAY WE WILL NOW LOOK AND TALK LIKE A COUPLE OF STUPID EARTH PEOPLE!

PUFF! PUFF!

H-HOW AWFUL! I L-LOOK LIKE P-PORKY PIG!

NEVER MIND! HERE COMES THAT EARTH WABBIT!

HELLO, B-BUGS, OLD PAL!

2'WOH ÇSKCIWT... ER... I MEAN, HOW'S TWICKS?

PORKY! ELMER!

BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!... HOW DID YOU EVER GET UP HERE?

WE CAME IN A R-ROCKET SHIP!

OH, I SEE... ELMER HAD AN EXTRA ONE, EH?

WHY, YES!

WELL, COME ON! LET'S GET IN IT AND GET OUTA THIS PLACE!

NO!

PLEASE, FELLERS! THESE MARTIANS ARE PLENTY TOUGH, BELIEVE ME!

NO!

THEY'RE HORRIBLE! THEY LOOK LIKE **THIS**... AND WALK LIKE **THIS**!

ARE YOU CONVINCED?

NOT UNTIL YOU GIVE US SOME VITAL INFORMATION!

WHAT A TIME TO PLAY QUIZ SHOW! ALL RIGHT!... WHAT KIND OF INFORMATION DO YA WANT?

INFORMATION ABOUT THE **EARTH**!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! **WHY** WOULD **YOU** WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE **EARTH**?

BECAUSE WE M-MARTIANS WOULD LIKE TO **INVADE** IT!

YOU FOOL, YOU!!

HM-M! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY UNEARTHLY GOING ON HERE!

IF THEY'RE PORKY AND ELMER, THEN I'M TWEETY BIRD!

GWACIOUS! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

FSST!

TO BAD I HAD TO BE PORKY PIG, OR THAT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

FSST!

LET US CONTINUE USING THE EARTH-TYPE SPEECH! I FIND IT MUCH EASIER TO SPEAK, DON'T YOU?

YES, INDEEDY!

ZING!

RUN, RABB T... RUN!

1907Z

UH-OH!

SCREECH!

ALL RIGHT, RABBIT! FOR FAILING TO COOPERATE WITH US, WE WILL NOW DISINTEGRATE YOU!

THEN I LL MUNCH ME LAST CARROT!

HELP!

ZIP!

ZIP!

CARROT!!

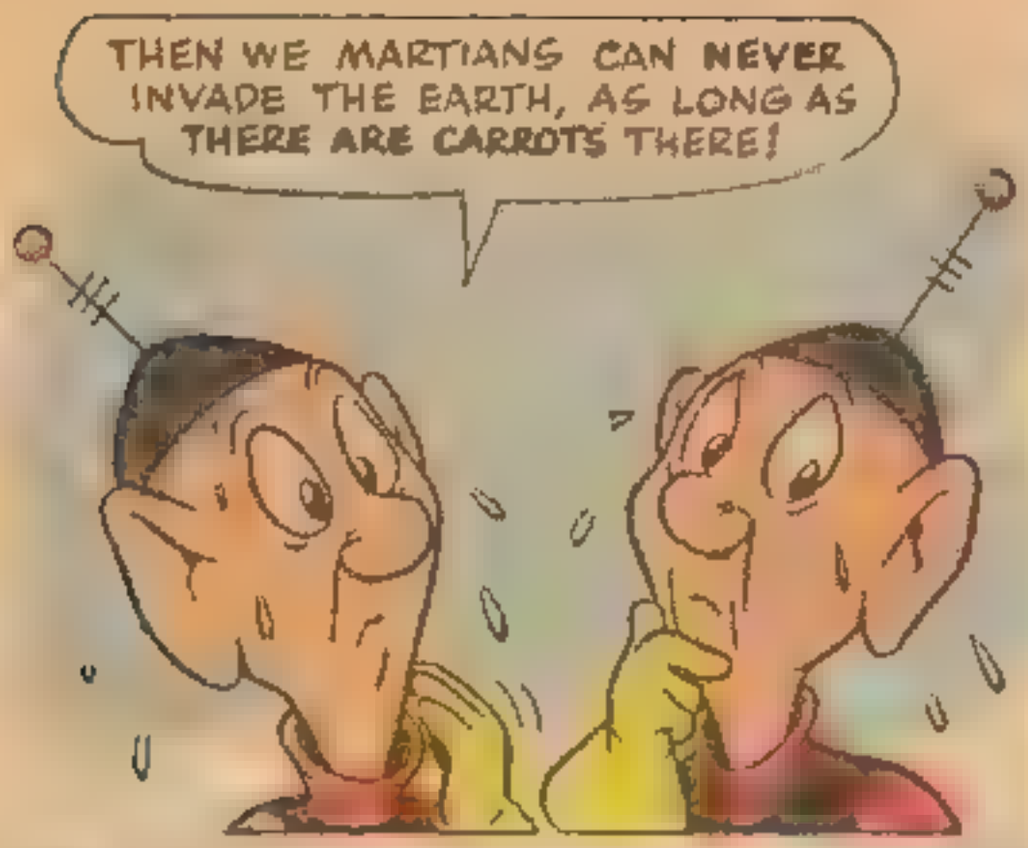
WHY DID EVERYBODY RUN AWAY WHEN I SAID CARROT?

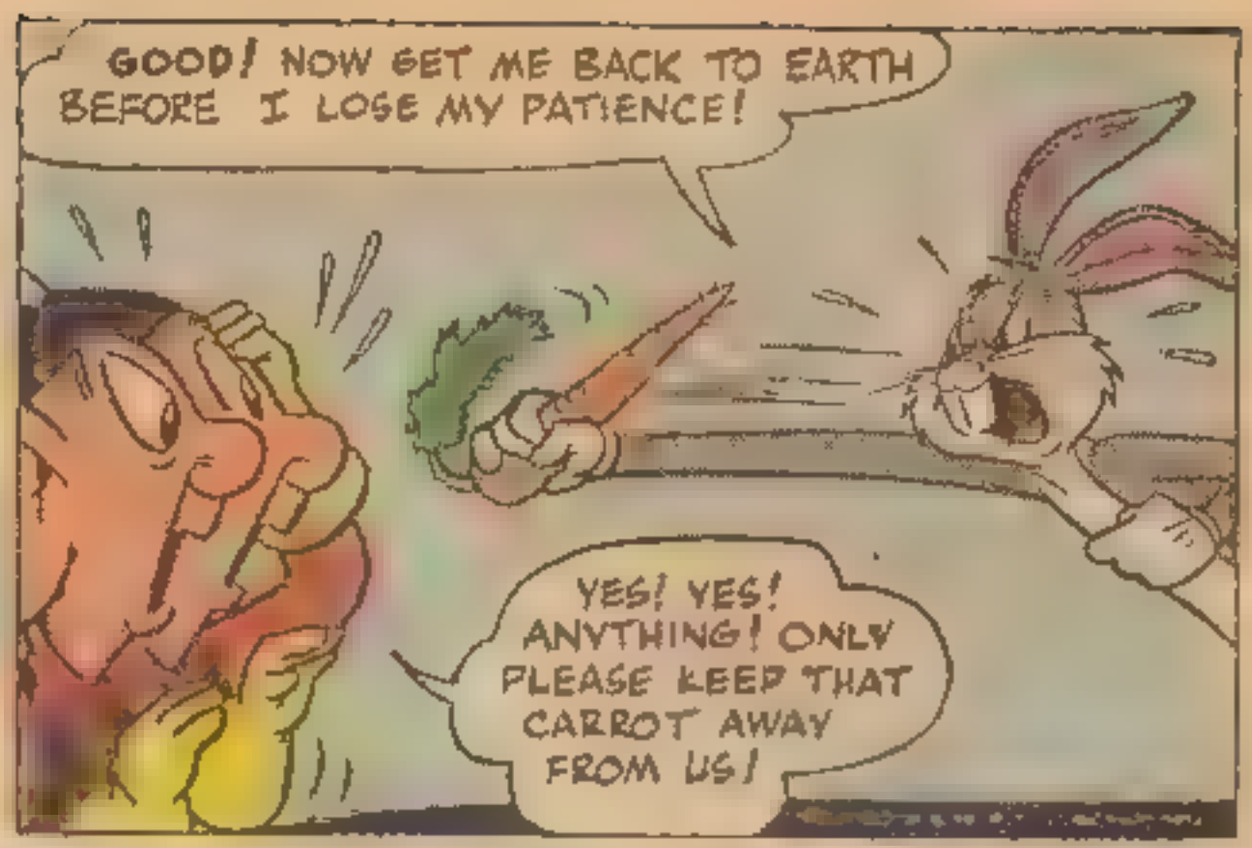
BECAUSE WE MARTIANS ARE TERRIBLY ALLERGIC TO CARROTS!

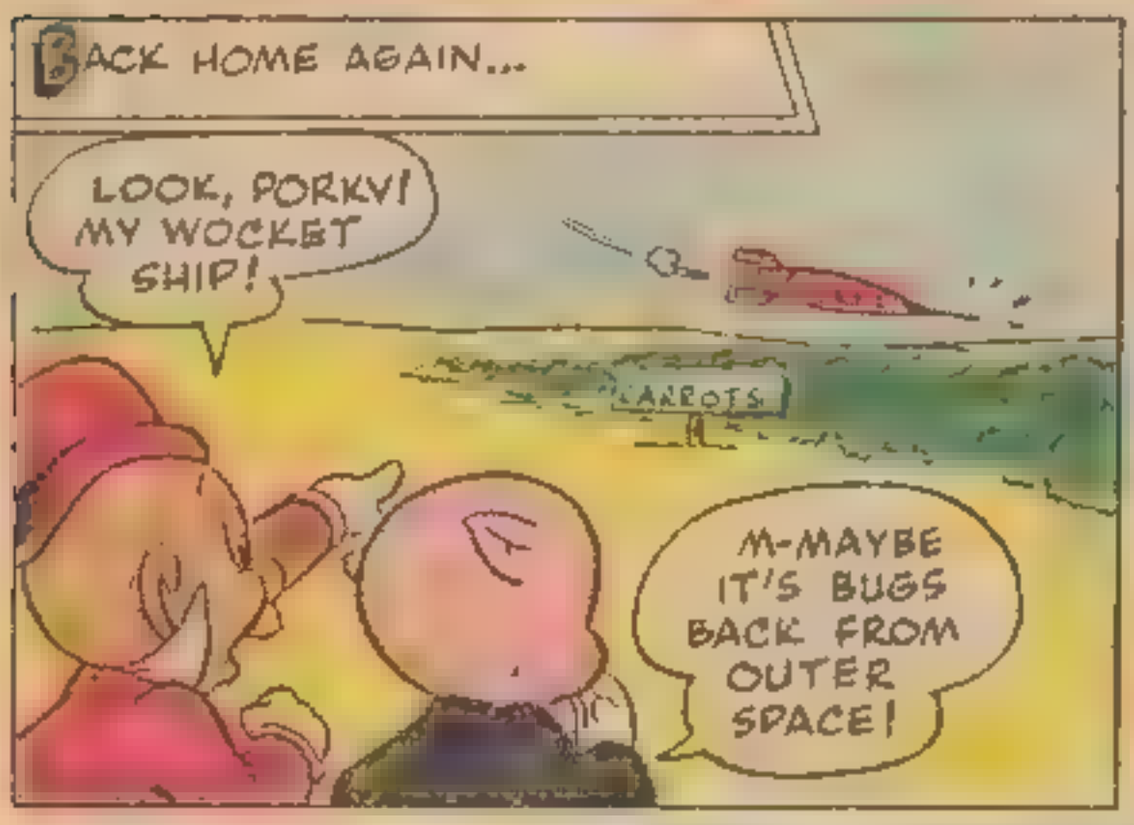
WELL, WELL... HOW INTERESTING!

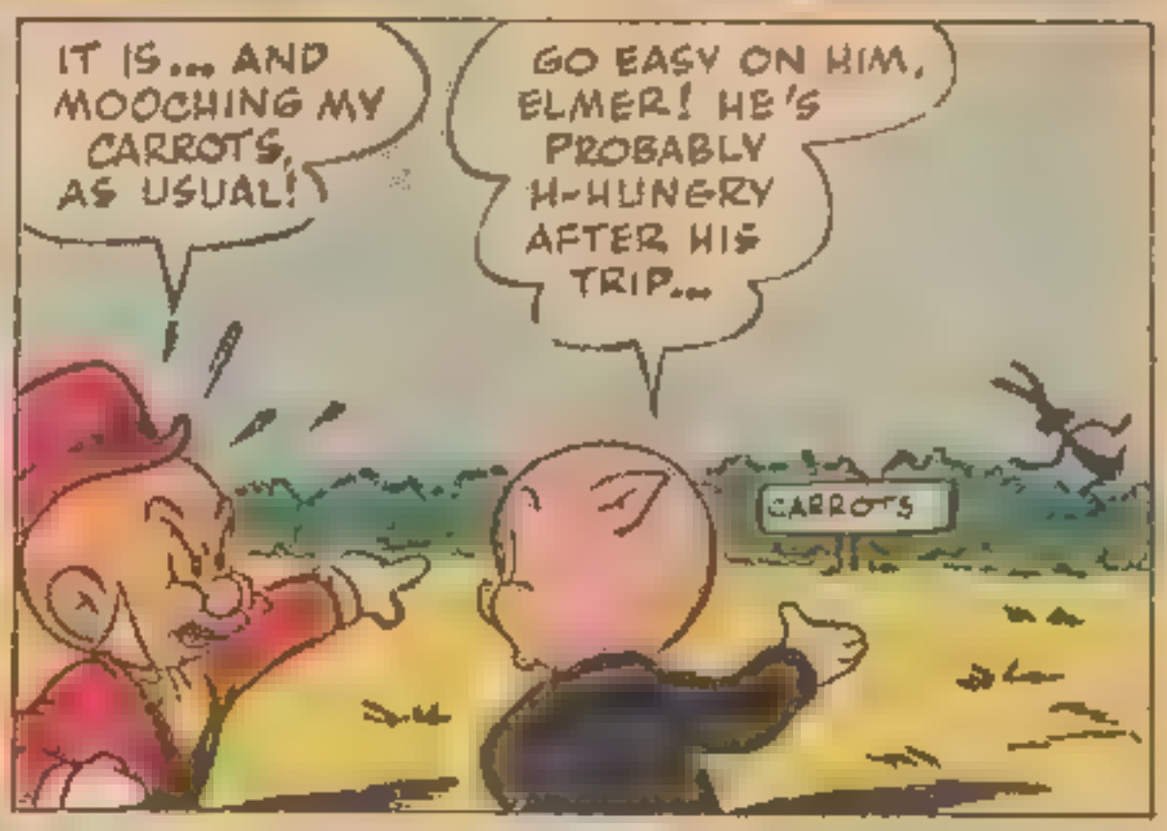
THAT'S THE INFORMATION WE WANTED TO KNOW... DO YOU HAVE ANY CARROTS ON EARTH?

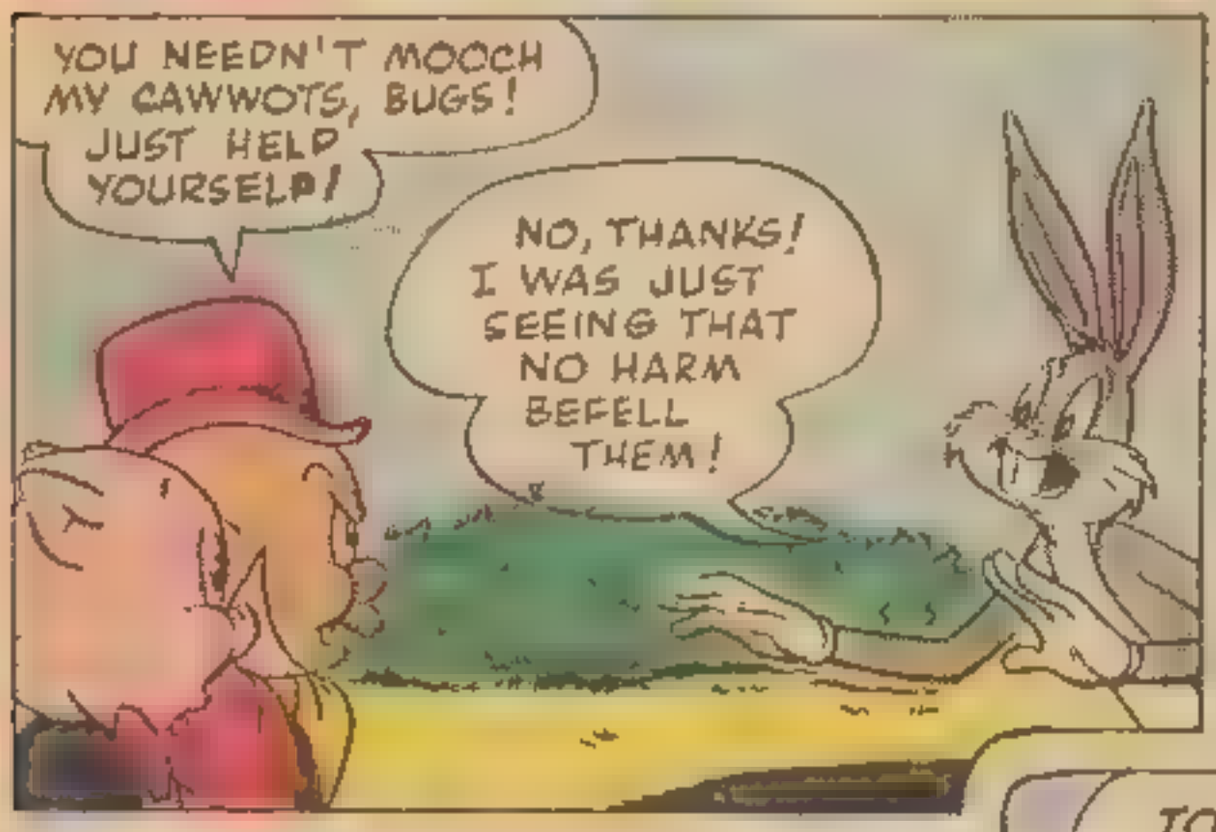
DO WE?... WHY, WE HAVE MILLIONS AND TRILLIONS AND EVEN HUNDREDS OF CARROTS ON LITTLE OL' EARTH!

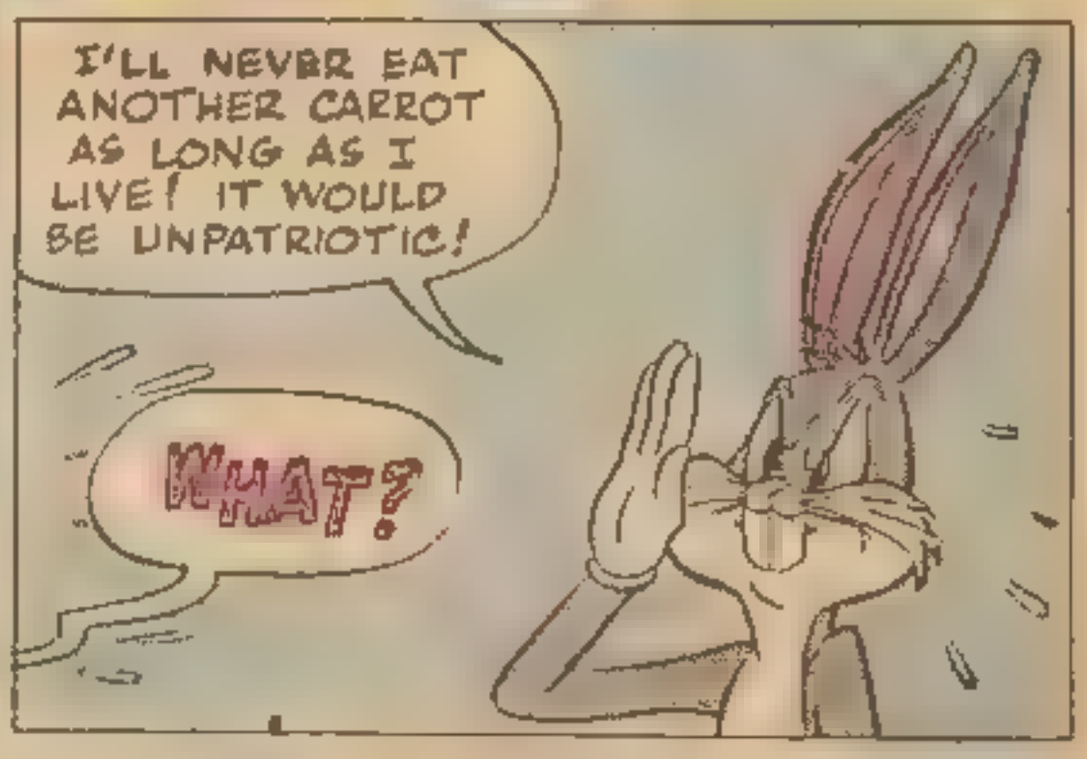

THEN WE MARTIANS CAN NEVER INVADE THE EARTH, AS LONG AS THERE ARE CARROTS THERE!

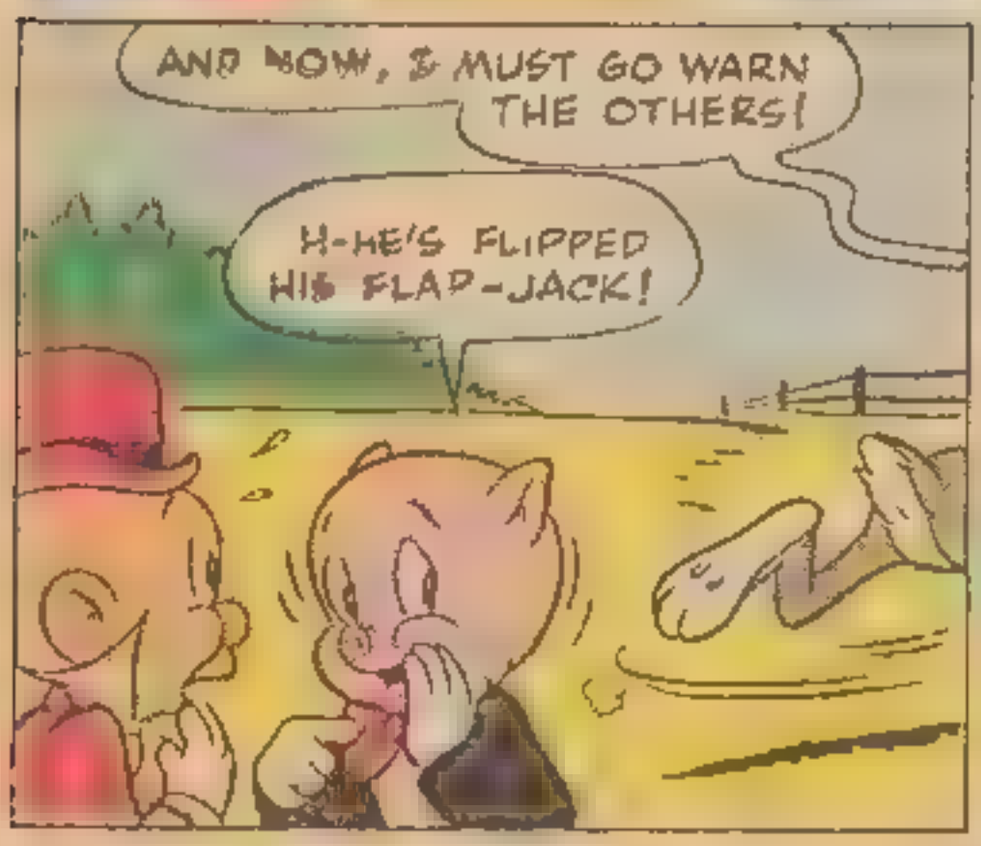

GOOD! NOW GET ME BACK TO EARTH BEFORE I LOSE MY PATIENCE!
YES! YES! ANYTHING! ONLY PLEASE KEEP THAT CARROT AWAY FROM US!

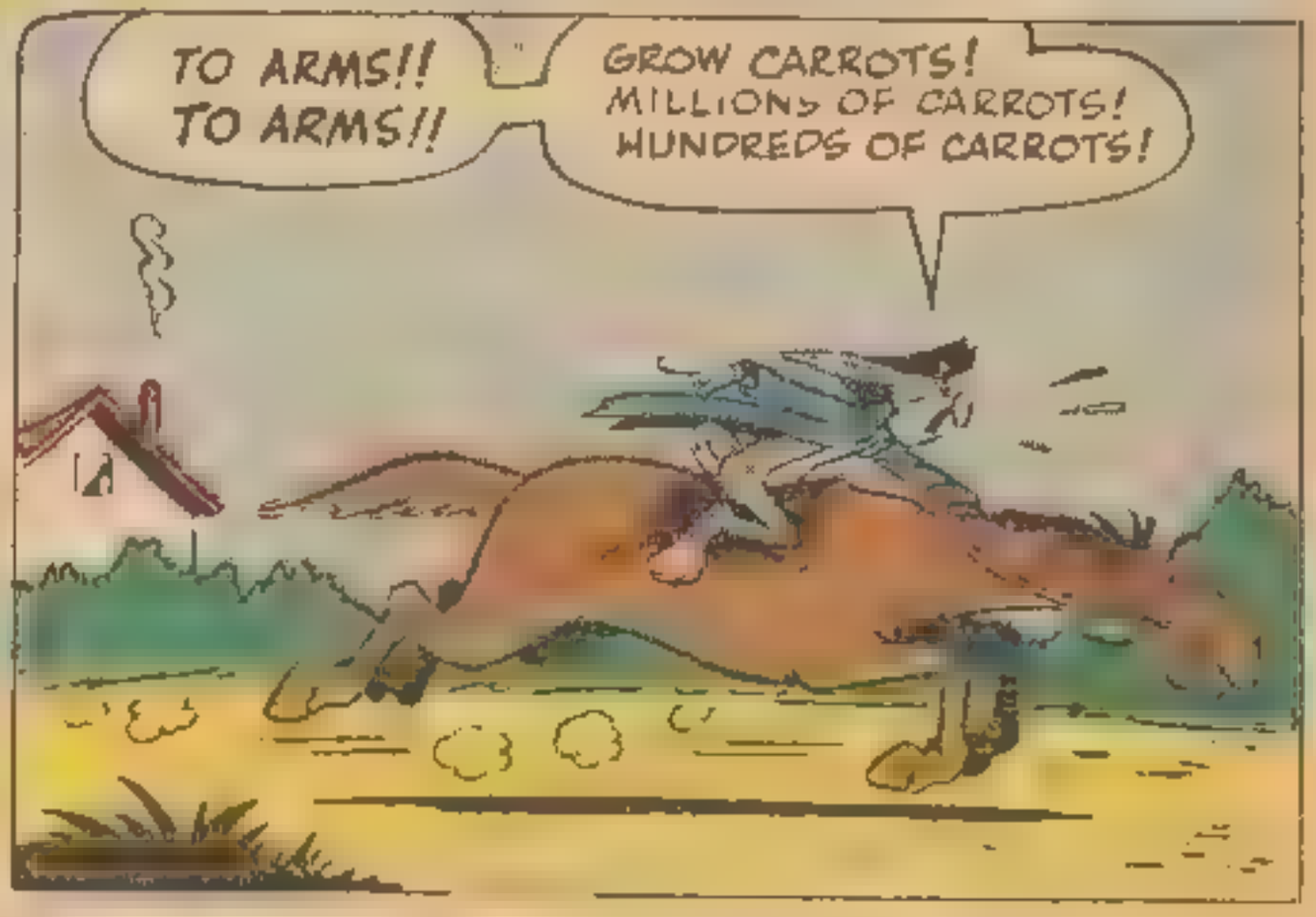

BACK HOME AGAIN...
LOOK, PORKY! MY WOCKET SHIP!
CARROTS
M-MAYBE IT'S BUGS BACK FROM OUTER SPACE!


IT IS... AND MOOCHING MY CARROTS, AS USUAL!
GO EASY ON HIM, ELMER! HE'S PROBABLY H-HUNGRY AFTER HIS TRIP...
CARROTS


YOU NEEDN'T MOOCH MY CAWWOTS, BUGS! JUST HELP YOURSELF!
NO, THANKS! I WAS JUST SEEING THAT NO HARM BEFELL THEM!


I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER CARROT AS LONG AS I LIVE! IT WOULD BE UNPATRIOTIC!
WHAT?


AND NOW, I MUST GO WARN THE OTHERS!
H-HE'S FLIPPED HIS FLAP-JACK!


TO ARMS!! TO ARMS!!
GROW CARROTS! MILLIONS OF CARROTS! HUNDREDS OF CARROTS!

WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC. PRESENT

PORKY PIG

HELLO, CIGERO--IS PETUNIA HOME?

YES, PORKY--I'M ON MY WAY TO GET A REPAIRMAN FOR HER TELEVISION SET.

A REPAIRMAN? OH, BOY! IS SHE LUCKY! I JUST GOT MY DIPLOMA FROM THE FIZZLE T-V CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL!

YEAH, BUT--UH--SHE WANTS THE SET WORKING IN A HURRY!

I DON'T THINK YOU HEARD ME. I'M A T-V REPAIRMAN NOW!

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS THE "HOME BY THE PHONE" SHOW...

JUST SHOW ME THE SET, LADY, AND I'LL HAVE IT FIXED IN A JIFFY!

OH, BROTHER!

PORKY PIG! THIS IS NO TIME TO JOKE!!

DOES THIS DIPLOMA FROM THE FIZZLE T-V SCHOOL LOOK LIKE I'M JOKING, PETUNIA?

WELL-ER--BUT I MUST HAVE THE SET FIXED IN A HURRY!

FIZZLE TV SCHOOL

PORKY PIG

WHAT PETUNIA MEANS IS, HER NAME WAS PICKED TO BE CALLED TONIGHT...

...AND SHE HAS A CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE?

YES!--THEY'RE GOING TO CALL ME BY 'PHONE, AND I MUST IDENTIFY AN OBJECT ON THE T-V SCREEN IN ORDER TO WIN--THE SHOW GOES ON IN THIRTY MINUTES!

IT'LL BE READY IN TIME... AH!... HERE'S THE TROUBLE! THE TRALFAZ TUBE WAS OVERLOADED!

HM-M! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!-- THE ELECTRONIC MINUS PULL FROM THIS REFRIGERATOR IS TOO STRONG! - I'LL REMEDY THAT!!

BO-!-! BANG! BAM!!

OH! I'M SO EXCITED!... THE SHOW GOES ON IN TEN MINUTES!

WELL, LET'S ALL ST BACK AND ENJOY IT!!

THIS I GOTTA SEE!

PORKY-- LOOK!! ICICLES!!

MAYBE IT'S THE ICE-FROLICS SHOW!! HEH! HEH!

HUH!?!

IF I MISS THAT PROGRAM, I'LL...!!

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED, PETUNIA, I'LL FIND THE TROUBLE!!

YEAH! HE'S GOOD AT **FINDING** TROUBLE!

YOU WON'T MIND IF I USE A FEW PARTS FROM THIS POP-UP TOASTER...THE REFRIGERATOR IS D-C AND THIS TOASTER IS ACEY-DEUCEY LIKE THE T-V SET!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

DON'T WORRY... I WILL!

SH-H!

POP!

POPALONG CASSIDY, NO DOUBT!

HUH?!

PORKY PIG!...LEAVE THIS HOUSE AT ONCE AND NEVER COME BACK!!

OH, PETUNIA - I'M SORRY! THE F.ZZLE T-V SCHOOL **SAID** I COULD FIX ANY T-V SET!!

OH, BOO HOO!-- NOW I'LL NEVER WIN THAT PRIZE!

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, PETUNIA!

YOU STAY BY THE PHONE! WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CONTEST OBJECT IS ON PORKY'S SET AND RELAY IT TO YOU!

BUT... HOW?...

WITH MY JIFFY DEVELOPER CAMERA... HURRY!!

QUICK! TURN IT ON!

I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!

HELLO?--MISS PETUNIA PIG?-- I SEE YOU'RE HOME BY THE PHONE! AND HERE'S YOUR OBJECT TO IDENTIFY!

CLICK!

GOSH! I HOPE PETUNIA KNOWS WHAT THAT OBJECT IS - I DON'T!

BY THE TIME I REACH PETUNIA'S, IT'LL BE DEVELOPED!

ZIP!

HERE'S THE PICTURE OF THE OBJECT, PETUNIA!

WHY, IT'S A SEWING MACHINE BOBBIN!

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT!

OH, CICERO ... I WON ... I WON!

LET'S GO TELL PORKY--

CLICK!

HELLO, MISS P'G? OH -- SHE HUNG UP! -- WELL, IF YOU'RE LOOKING AT YOUR T-V SCREEN, YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO COME DOWN HERE AND GET YOUR PRIZE -- HURRY!

OH... OH!!

SHE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, IF I TAKE TIME TO GO TELL HER! I KNOW- I'LL RUN OVER TO THE T-V STUDIO, MYSELF!

THIS IS THE LEAST I CAN DO AFTER RUINING HER SET!

I HOPE THEY WON'T SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!

ZIP!

T-V STATION

MEANWHILE...

YOU KNOW, CICERO, I'M SO HAPPY ABOUT WINNING THE PRIZE, I THINK I'LL FORGIVE PORKY!

I WONDER WHAT THE PRIZE WILL BE?

OH, PORKY... WE'RE HERE ... AND I WON!!

PORKY -- WHERE ARE YOU?

AND HERE COMES OUR PRZE W NNER NOW--!!

PETUNIA... LOOK!

HEAVENS!... ,T LOOKS LIKE PORKY!!

WAIT! -- HOLD EVERYTHING!... I'M PETUN A PIG!!

I'VE COME FOR MY PRIZE!

YES! - **AFTER** YOU REPEAT THE WINNING ANSWER, SO EVERYONE WILL KNOW IT WAS **YOU** HOME BY THE PHONE!!

CORRECT ANSWER??!... WHY--I--ER--

HURRY NOW!

OH, CICERO--HE **DOESN'T** KNOW THE ANSWER!

--IT'S A **BOBBIN**, PORKY! --A BOBBIN!!

OH, COME NOW- YOU KNEW THE ANSWER AT HOME BY THE PHONE!!

COME ON!- HE CAN'T HEAR US!!

OH, I'LL **NEVER** FORGIVE PORKY FOR THINKING HE LOOKS LIKE ME!

LET'S HOPE HE ESCAPES FROM ALL THIS, LOOKING LIKE HIMSELF!

WELL JUST HAVE TO PUT OUR THINKING CAP ON... NOW **THINK**! WHAT IS THE CORRECT ANSWER?!

A TWENTY-TWO CALIBER BULLET??

OH! I'M SORRY! YOU DIDN'T PROVE YOU WERE HOME BY THE PHONE SO **YOU DON'T WIN** THE PRIZE!!

HUH?!

AHA! THAT EXPLAINS IT! YOU'RE **NOT** PETUNIA P.G!-- YOU'RE A **FRAUD!!**

STOP!-- IN THE NAME OF HAPPY CHANNEL 12½!!

ZIP!

WAIT! **I'M** PETUNIA P.G, AND THE CORRECT ANSWER IS A **SEWING MACHINE BOBBIN!!**

THEN PLEASE COME UP FOR YOUR PRIZE, AND LET'S GET THIS PROGRAM OVER WITH!!

LATER...

PORKY, I'VE DECIDED YOU'D GET MORE GOOD FROM THE PRIZE THAN I-- SO HERE!

YOU'LL SPEND MANY HAPPY HOURS WITH IT!

HUH?

ERK! A SET OF **FIZZLE'S** T-V REPAIRMAN'S COURSE!!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. *present*

ELMER FUDD Daffy

AH-I'M ALL PWEPARED FOR WINTER! LET IT WAIN, LET IT FWEEZE!

I'D NEVER LAST OUT THE WINTER IN THAT CHEESE CRATE OF MINE! I'M GONNA HAVE TO MAKE THAT LONG TRIP SOUTH!

HMM...THE PROSPECT OF A HARD WINTER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE BOTHERIN' OL' FUDDZY!

LOOK AT HIM! EVERY COMFORT! AND ME WITH NOTHIN' BUT A SET OF CHILBLAINS!

I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO ENJOY MYSELF DOWN IN FLORIDA, FOR THINKIN' OF HIM UP HERE, STAYIN' FAT AN' HAPPY!

HMM...HE IS SORTA ON THE FAT SIDE! THAT GIVES ME A REAL CRAZY IDEA!

HEY, BUSTER! I'LL TAKE THIS TRICK-LOOKIN' GLASS!

GLASS - MIRRORS

TRICK MIRRORS OUR SPECIALTY

(CHUCKLE!) ... WAIT'LL HE GETS A GANDER AT HIMSELF IN THIS MIRROR!

TH-S LL TAKE THAT SILLY SMILE OFF HIS FACE!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

HEH, HEH! NOW TO R.NG HIS DOORBELL!

CRACK-K-K!

OH...OH, PARDON ME, S.R!.. I THOUGHT TH-S WAS THE FUDD RES DENCE!

I AM MISTER FUDD, AS YOU VEWY WELL KNOW!

EXCUSE ME, FUDDZY! YOU'VE GOTTEN SO FAT I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOJ

HA, HA! I AM ONLY PLEASANTLY PLUMP!

TCH-TCH... TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF, BLUBBER BOY, HA, HA!

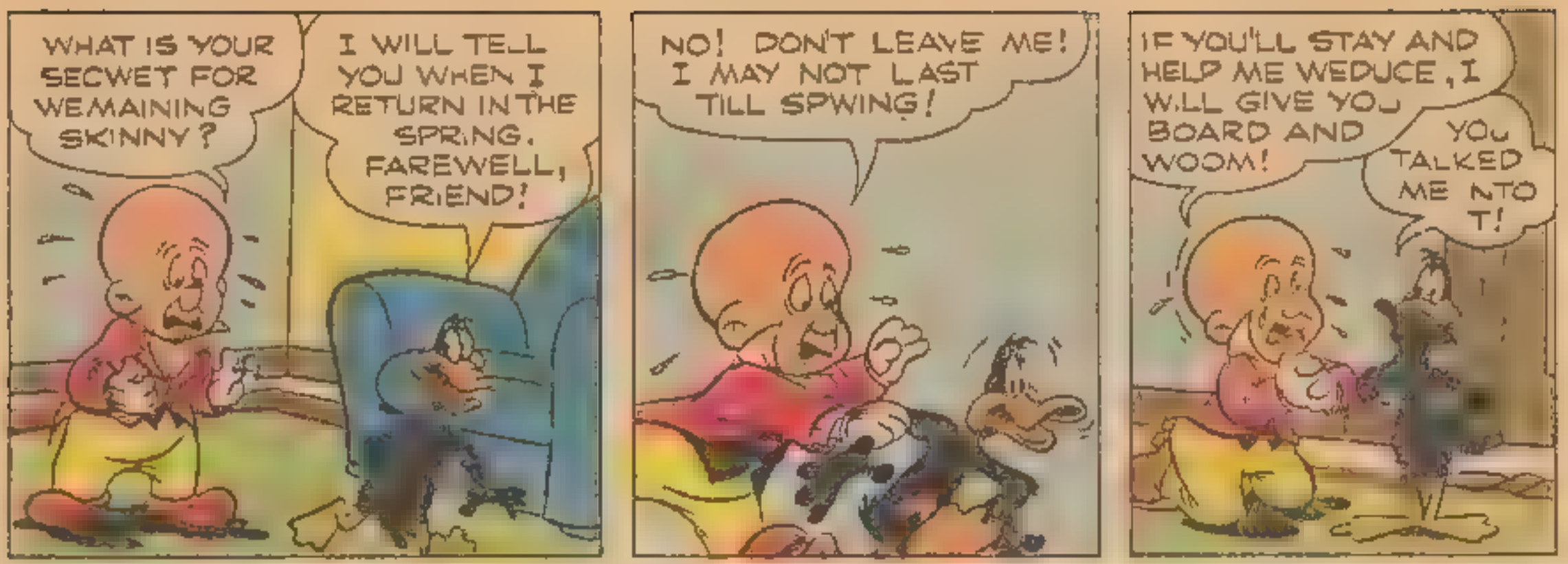
WH-WHOS THAT?

BJT, ALAS... YOUR CONDITION HAS TS TRAG C S.DE!

OH! GOOD GWACIOUS!

(SN FF!) READ TH-S CHART ON THE L FE EXPECTANCY OF FAT PEOPLE!

(GULP!) ACCORD.NG TO THAT, I'M NOT LONG FOR TH-S WORLD!


WHAT IS YOUR SECWET FOR WEMAINING SKINNY?
I WILL TELL YOU WHEN I RETURN IN THE SPRING. FAREWELL, FRIEND!
NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! I MAY NOT LAST TILL SPWING!
IF YOU'LL STAY AND HELP ME WEDUCE, I WILL GIVE YOU BOARD AND WOOM!
YOU TALKED ME NTO T!
MASSAGE IS MOST IMPORTANT FOR ELIMINATING EXCESS FAT...
RELAX NOW, WHILE I FOLLOW THESE RADIO INSTRUCTIONS!
ALL WIGHT, I AM COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!
OF COURSE; YOU MUST USE A GOOD RUBBING SOLUTION.....
HUM?
IM SO WELAXED IM BECOMING DWOWZY!
NOW ARE YOU READY TO RUB?
I WILL BE, WHEN I GET THE RUBBIN' ALCOHOL!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
BLAH...BLAH...ETC... AND UNTIL TOMORROW AT THIS SAME TIME, GOOD-BYE...
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
I FINALLY FOUND IT!
....HELLO AGAIN...THIS IS YOUR FRIENDLY FIXIT MAN...TODAY I SHALL TELL YOU HOW TO FIX A BROKEN TABLE...
APPLY GLUE FREELY TO THE LEGS...BLAH-...BLAH...
GLUE!?

I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS'LL MAKE HIM LOSE WEIGHT, BUT WE'LL SEE.

THEN TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE...

GLUE

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

... BOLT THEM FIRMLY TO THE TABLE TOP...

HUH?

GLUE

ELMER MAY NOT LIKE IT, BUT THAT'S WHAT TH' MAN SA.D!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

HOLD STILL!

OUCH!

PAINFUL, WASN'T IT?

WHY, YOU SCOUNDWEL!

JJST WAIT'LL I PWY MYSELF LOOSE FWOM THIS TABLE!

THAT'S THE STUFF! PUSH-UPS ARE GREAT FOR REDUCIN'! ONE ...TWO...THREE.

AT LAST, I'M SWEE!

TEN...ELEVEN... NICE GOIN' - YOU'RE 'LOSIN' WEIGHT LIKE MAD!

I'LL LOOK IN THE MIRROR, AND SEE IF I HAVE WEDUCED...

OH, NO!

IF I'M STILL FAT, I'LL WUN YOU WAGGED!

I CAN'T LET HIM LOOK AT HIMSELF IN THAT MIRROR!

CRASH!!

HUH!

YOU DEL BEWATELY BWOKE MY MIRROR!

OH, SO YOU WANT TO DO A LITTLE ROAD WORK, EH?

ELMER FUDD

I'VE GOT HIM OUTDISTANCED, BUT I CAN'T KEEP UP THIS PACE FOREVER! GOTTA GET HIM ANOTHER LOOKIN' GLASS!

GLASS
MIRRORS OF ALL KINDS
TRICK MIRRORS OUR SPECIALTY

QUICK! GIMME A SKINNY-TYPE MIRROR!

TAKE TH S ONE HERE!

HE S STILL WAY BEHIND-

ACME GLASS COMPANY

I'LL HAVE THIS INSTALLED BEFORE HE GETS HOME!

ELMER FUDD

THIS ONE OUGHTA MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER!

ATTA BOY, ELMER! YOU'VE REALLY GOT YOUR CLUTCH IN!

PUFF-PUFF!

I WILL CWUSH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

HOLD IT, NATURE BOY!

SEE...I GOTCHA A NEW MIRROR!

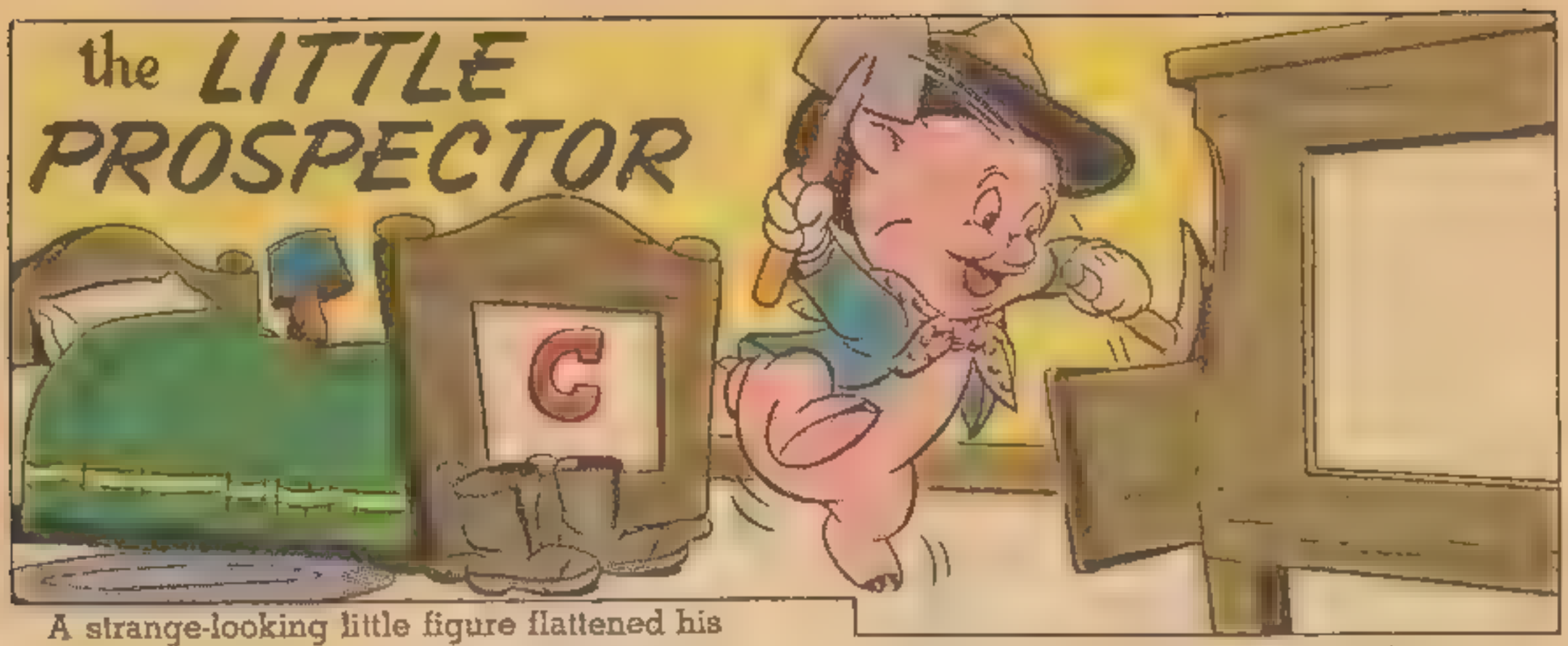
OOOH! WHAT YOU'VE **DONE** TO ME! I'M A PHYSICAL WRECK!

LOOK, ALL THIS RUNNIN' DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD, EITHER!

OH, YOU LOOK SIMPLY DWEADFUL!

BE MY GUEST! WE'LL WEST ALL WINTER, EAT LOTS OF WICH FOOD, AND GET OUR STWENGTH BACK!

YUK, YUK!



A strange-looking little figure flattened his nose against the bedroom windowpane and stared with a frown at the rain pelting down outside. "Silly ol' rain!" he scolded. "You can't keep ME in! I'll show you!"

Turning away from the window, he pulled on a pair of rain boots and slapped an oversized slouch hat on his head. Then, he adjusted his pasted-on black moustache and shouldered a small-sized pick and shovel.

"Guess I'm all set," he said, heading for the door.

Grinning happily now, he clumpity-clumped down the stairs and across the hall to the front door.

But just as he opened the door, a loud voice behind him cried, "Cicero! Where do you think you're going in all this rain?"

"Gee whiz, Petunia!" Cicero complained disgustedly. "Can't you see I'm NOT Cicero? I'm PICKAX PETE, the prospector!"

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Petunia. "How stupid of me! You've changed so much I didn't recognize you at first!"

Cicero grinned.

"But, no matter WHO you are," said Petunia, "I still want to know where you're going."

"PROSPECTIN,' of course!" answered Cicero.

Petunia looked horrified. "Now, don't be silly," she exclaimed, pulling him back and shutting the door. "Do you want to DROWN out there?"

"You don't understand, Petunia!" Cicero wailed. "I've just GOTTA go hunting for gold! I'll DIE if I have to stay in here all day with nothin' to do!"

"I know," said Petunia. "So I've planned a prospecting trip for you — right here in the house!"

"You have?" Cicero was pop-eyed with sudden interest. "How?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," she said, heading for the stairs. "Wait in the kitchen until I get back."

Bursting with curiosity, Cicero hurried out to the kitchen. How could he go prospecting in a HOUSE? He thought and thought about it, while he ate a cookie or two.

Suddenly, he remembered a mining story he had read, about two brothers who were digging in their cellar and had accidentally found a vein of gold running under their house. He guessed Petunia had read that story, too. And she was going to let HIM dig in the cellar for gold!

"Gee!" he exclaimed, shivering with excitement, "I might strike pay dirt just like those brothers! An' be a millyonaire! Oh, gee!"

At that moment, his golden dreams were interrupted. Petunia marched into the kitchen — all dressed up in jeans, bright-colored shirt, cowboy hat, rain boots and a painted-on moustache.

"Howdy, Pickax!" she cried heartily.

"Huh?" gulped Cicero, staring at her.

"What's the matter?" laughed Petunia. "Don't you recognize your ol' prospectin' partner, Calico Joe?"

Cicero, entering into Petunia's game of make-believe, became Pickax again.

"Why, shore I do!" he said. "Jest got throwed fer a minute by that new moustache yore sportin'!"

Calico giggled. Then, pulling a long face,

he said, "Wall, Pickax! Reckon yore wondering why I asked ya to meet me here!"

Pickax nodded.

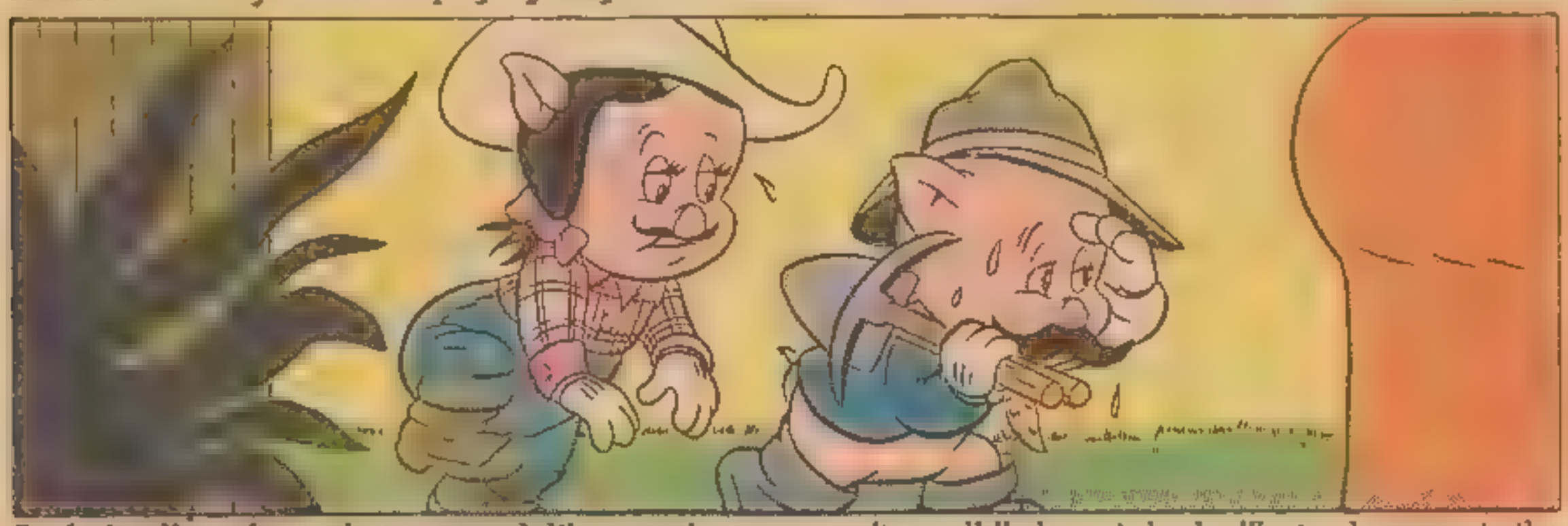
"Thought mebbe you'd like to go on a prospectin' trek to Staircase Mountain with me," said Calico. "Found pay dirt near Indian Blanket Reservation! Got a notion it'll lead to something BIG!"

"Yeah?" cried Pickax. "Then let's go!"

So, off they started on their make-believe trek. And, to them, the house was no longer a house. It was the wide open spaces.

Calico, who knew the trail, kept Pickax informed of their route. "This here's Icebox Gulch!" he said. Then came Fawcet Springs, Arroyo Sinko, Grandpiano Canyon and Lampshade Wells.

Later on, they crossed the Great Sofa Desert and the dangerous, rampaging Rug River.



And, finally, after what seemed like weeks of weary travel, they reached the foot of Staircase Mountain.

"Won't be long now!" cried Calico, as they started up the mountain.

Pickax, trudging along behind, grew more curious and excited with every step. Where was Indian Blanket Reservation? And what would he find there?

His mind was still whirling with questions when he heard Calico shout excitedly, "There's our diggings, Pickax! Right over there!"

Pickax stopped and looked in the direction Calico was pointing. At that moment, their wonderful game of make-believe was over for Cicero.

Petunia had tricked him! She had led him back to his own bedroom and was pointing to his toy-filled clothes closet. How could she expect him to pretend that cleaning out a closet was prospecting for gold? It was too absurd!

Filled with rage and disappointment, he flung himself on his bed. "Wah!" he wailed. "You're MEAN, Petunia! You've spoiled everything! Wah, wah, wah!"

Petunia sat down and put her arm tenderly around him. "I'm sorry, Cicero," she said. "I thought that making a GAME of cleaning out the closet would be fun. You've always liked doing your chores that way before."

"I know," sobbed Cicero. "But this is DIFFERENT! I wanted to pretend I was really prospecting and dig in the cellar!"

"How could you do that, Cicero?" asked Petunia, puzzled. "The cellar's covered with CEMENT!"

Cicero stopped crying. He looked up sheepishly at Petunia. "I—I forgot about the cement, Petunia. Guess there's nothing to do after all," he sighed, "but clean out the closet."

Petunia patted him. "That's the stuff! No disappointment can stop YOU, eh, Pickax?"

"Nope!" grinned Pickax. "Not ME!"

So, make-believing once more, Pickax and Calico started to work. They dug and dug for hours and hours.

Then, suddenly, Pickax let out an ear-splitting war-whoop. "Calico!" he screamed. "Look! I've struck pay dirt!"

"Wow!" cried Calico, eyeing the fist full of coins. "Ninety-five cents! What a FORTUNE!"

"Yep!" grinned Pickax. "An' there's MORE where this came from!"

Then, under his breath, he mumbled to himself, "I know, 'cause I buried a dollar and a half in here a long time ago — and forgot about it!"

Giggling happily, he dived back into his Closet Mine to dig up the rest of his fortune.

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
present

MARY JANE
and
SNIFFLES

HO, HO! HA, HA! HA, HA!

WHATEVER S SO FUNNY, SNIFFLES?

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A HORSE FLY?

OF COURSE.. WHO HASN'T?

NO, I DON'T MEAN THAT KIND OF FLY... I MEAN A **REAL** HORSE THAT **FLIES!**

A HORSE WITH REAL WINGS... WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU SEE THAT?

I JUST SAW YOUR MOTHER UNWRAPPING THEM! THEY'RE ON THE LIVING ROOM TABLE!

A **HORSE** ON THE **LIVING ROOM** TABLE!??

OH! THEY'RE **FIGURINES!**

THEY'RE JUST PLAIN HORSES WITH WINGS, TO ME!

OH! HE'S CUTE! A PEGASUS!

HUH? A PEG AND SIS?

NO! THAT'S THE NAME OF A WINGED HORSE! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD FLY?

HE'S GOT WINGS, HASN'T HE?

BUT HE'S STILL PRETTY YOUNG!

I'D SURE LIKE TO RIDE THIS ONE...

HUH?...I THINK THE COLT JUST BLINKED AT ME! MAKE YOURSELF SMALL AND COME DOWN HERE!

ALL RIGHT... NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT! THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT! MAGIC WORDS OF POOF. POOF, PIFFLES, MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!

THERE! HE DID IT AGAIN!

WHY THAT MEANS HE'S...

ALIVE!... ALTHOUGH HE CAN'T TALK VERY WELL!

GOLLYGEE! YOU'RE BOTH ALIVE!... CAN HE FLY YET?

FLAP!

FLAP!

ME FLY!

OH, HE CAN FLY A LITTLE!

..BUT HIS LANDINGS AREN'T VERY GOOD!

HAH! A PERFECT FIVE-POINT LANDING!

PLOP!

HERE, YOUNG FELLA, I'LL HELP YOU UP...

OOOPH!

THANKS... HEH! HEH! GUESS I BIT OFF A LITTLE MORE THAN I COULD CHEW!

A PEGASUS LEARNS TO FLY LIKE ALL BIRDS... PRACTICE BRINGS PERFECTION!

CAN YOU LOOP THE LOOP?

...OR DO A BARREL ROLL LIKE...

WOP!

MAYBE A LITTLE BETTER THAN THAT, SNIFFLES!

..THIS.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WITH MY SON AND ME, WHILE I TEACH HIM TO FLY?

OH, YES!... WE'D LOVE TO!

THEN CLIMB ABOARD BY MY WING.. WE'LL FLY OUTSIDE, WHERE THERE'S MORE ROOM!

BUT YOUR COLT? HOW CAN HE GO ALONG?

GRAB THE TIP OF MY TAIL, SON!

NOW WE'RE ALL SET!

CLOMP!

WHEE! THIS IS GREAT!

A LITTLE MORE LEFT RUDDER THERE, BOY!

A PEGASUS TEACHES HER YOUNG TO FLY THIS WAY...

HE'S DOIN' GREAT! OH-OH! THE *HAIRS* IN YOUR TAIL ARE *COMING OUT!*

FLAP HARDER! H-HE'S GOING DOWN!

MA-MA-A!

HANG ON!

ZOOP!

OKAY!... ALL SAFE AND SOUND!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MARY JANE!

OOPH!

♫ OH, WE SAIL THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE, ON A PEG-A-SUS HORSE WE PLY LIKE A BREEZE! ♫

THERE'S [illegible] AHEAD!!

WH-WHAT'S WRONG?

ZIP!

AN EAGLE'S DIVING AT US!

BUT WHY ARE WE AFRAID OF AN EAGLE? A HORSE S MUCH LARGER!

YOU FORGET WE'RE ALL SMALL SIZE!

H-HE'S GAINING ON US... OH, WHAT'LL WE DO...

OH, MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES, MAKE US FIFTY TIMES THE SIZE OF SNIFFLES!

IT WORKED!

AWK!

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, MISTER EAGLE!

SHORTLY...

IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL RIDE, BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I GOT HOME!

ALL RIGHT... THERE'S AN OPEN GROVE DOWN BELOW!

PLOT TO TOWER... COMING IN FOR LANDING... COMING IN...

THROUGH THE MAGIC WORDS, MARY JANE AND SNIFFLES ASSUME THEIR NORMAL SIZES...

OH, BOY! THAT WAS A RIDE! THANKS!

LOOK!... YOUR SON'S GOING TO TRY TO FLY DOWN OFF YOUR BACK!

OH! HIS LANDINGS STILL AREN'T VERY GOOD!

PLOP!

SNIFFLES!?... YOU FELL RIGHT ON TOP OF SNIFFLES!

H-HE'S GONE!... HE WAS SMASHED TO NOTHING...

SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

SNIFFLES! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU SLIPPED INTO A MOLE HOLE!

A GOPHER HOLE... IF YOU PLEASE!

OH!

WE REALLY MUST BE GOING... THANKS FOR THE LOVELY TIME!

YEAH, AND KEEP YOUR CHIN-ER-FLAPS UP, YOUNG FELLA!

GOOD-BYE! IT WAS MY PLEASURE!

GOODNESS, SNIFFLES! MOTHER'S GOING TO WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HER F.GURINES!

USE YOUR ALLOWANCE AND BUY HER ANOTHER PAIR!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!... I'LL DO IT RIGHT AWAY!

AND THEN SOME-DAY I'LL TEACH THAT YOUNGSTER TO FLY!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MRS. BRUIN AND YOUR NEW SON, EH?

YES... AND HE'S JUST LEARNING TO WALK!

I'M AN OLD HAND AT TEACHING THAT SORT OF THING!... THAT'S IT, BOY... PUT THAT FOOT FORWARD... STEADY NOW!

WATCH IT, SON!.. WATCH IT!

OOOPH!

'BYE NOW... THIS IS ABOUT WHERE I CAME IN!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present

HENERY HAWK

... AND TODAY, CHILDREN, WE WILL STUDY THE LIFE OF THAT FAMOUS HUNTER AND SCOUT, KIT CARSON!

OH, BOY!

BEING AN ACTIVE, VIGILANT, AND KEEN-WITTED INDIVIDUAL, NO WILD ANIMAL COULD ELUDE THIS MASTER HUNTER FOR LONG!

FOR KIT COULD CREEP UPON HIS PREY SO QUIETLY THAT NOT EVEN THE KEEN SENSE OF AN ANIMAL COULD DETECT HIS WHEREABOUTS...

LATER..

THAT KIT CARSON WAS QUITE A FELLOW!

I'LL SAY! FROM NOW ON, HE'S MY HERO!

I LEARNED THINGS TODAY ABOUT HUNTING I NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF!

QUITE TRUE, HENERY...

BUT THAT SORT OF THING IS LONG PAST! IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO HUNT THESE DAYS WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY GROCERY STORES CLOSE BY!

OH, YEAH?

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE PRICE OF CHICKEN LATELY? IT'S MORE NECESSARY TO HUNT THESE DAYS THAN EVER!

?

HM-M! I WONDER IF HENERY PLANS TO USE KIT CARSON'S HUNTING TRICKS ON FARMER BROWN'S DEFENSELESS CHICKENS!

I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN THEM... JUST IN CASE HE HAS SUCH A DASTARDLY SCHEME IN MIND!

MEANWHILE...

SINCE I DON'T HAVE A GUN, I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS PRONGED STICK!

THIS WAS ONE OF KIT CARSON'S FAVORITE WAYS OF CATCHING WILD FOWL, WHEN HE WAS OUT OF AMMUNITION!

HEH, HEH! IF HE CAUGHT WILD FOWL, I SHOULD EASILY BE ABLE TO CATCH SLOW, FAT, TAME CHICKENS!

AH! THERE'S-A LONE CHICKEN! NOW TO CREEP UP ON IT, REAL QUIET-LIKE!

IT WORKED! I GOT IT!

SQUAWK!

ALL RIGHT! LET HIM HAVE IT, GIRLS!

WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU, HENERY!

HUH?

WE'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY TO CATCH US!

MABEL WAS ONLY A DECOY!

MIGHT AS WELL STOP, GIRLS! THAT SCALAWAG IS SCARED OFF FOR GOOD! I SAY, HE WON'T BE BACK!

I HOPE HE WON'T, LEGHORN!

YOU WERE RIGHT, OLLIE! THANKS FOR WARNING US! I SAY, YOU'RE A GENUINE FRIEND!

JUST DON'T TELL HENERY I WARNED YOU!

I THINK I SHALL DROP OVER AND SEE IF HE HAS TRULY GIVEN UP HIS PLANS FOR CATCHING YOU!

IF HE HASN'T, LET US KNOW!

WELL, WELL! YOU LOOK DOWNHEARTED, HENERY!

JUST PUZZLED!

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THOSE CHICKENS KNEW I WAS COMING!

CHICKENS ARE QUITE SMART, HENERY!

WELL, I'M **SMARTER**! THIS TIME, I'LL USE ONE OF KIT'S TRICKS THAT **NEVER FAILED**!

TSK! TSK! IS HE STILL YOUR **HERO**?

YOU BET! I SUPPOSE **YOUR** HERO IS SOME OLD **BRAIN** BOY!

NO, NOT EXACTLY... ER, TELL ME, HENERY... WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

I'M GONNA BUY SOME CHICKEN FEED AND SPRINKLE IT UNDER A TREE! HEH, HEH! THEN I'LL PARK MYSELF UP ON A BRANCH AND WAIT!

SOON... ...AND THAT'S THE PLAN, (: PUFF! PUFF!:) LEGHORN!

BY JINKIES! HE NEVER GIVES UP, DOES HE? I SAY, HE'S A PERSISTENT CUSS!

THAT'S THE ONLY TREE AROUND HERE! I SUSPECT HE WILL USE IT FOR HIS VICIOUS PLANS!

HM-M!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I SAY, FOGHORN J. LEGHORN HAS A VICIOUS PLAN OF HIS OWN! WE'LL FIX THAT LITTLE DICKENS!

SHORTLY...

HEH, HEH! THOSE CHICKENS WILL EVENTUALLY GET OVER THIS WAY...

AND WHILE THEY'RE BUSY EATING, I'LL JUST DROP DOWN ON THE PLUMPEST ONE AND "PRESTO"- I'LL HAVE IT!

LEGHORN, FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I JUST SAW HENERY CLIMB THE TREE!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! I SAY, YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM HIM...

YEEOW!

BZZZZZ

HELP! HORNETS!

BZ-Z-Z-Z

WELL, THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO DO WHEN I CATCH YOU, OLLIE...

AND I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO SOCK YOU!

BUT, HENERY, WAIT!... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW!

SPLOMP!

OH, YEAH?

BIFF! BAM! SPLAT! SOCK! POW!

NEXT DAY...

YESTERDAY WE STUDIED THE LIFE OF KIT CARSON... TODAY WE WILL HEAR ABOUT THE LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE!

HE, TOO, WAS A GREAT HUNTER, BUT HE ALSO EXCELLED IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!

WHEN FIGHTING INDIANS, HIS MANY TRICKS WITH FISTICUFFS SAVED HIS LIFE TIME AND TIME AGAIN... BUT ENOUGH FROM ME...

I'LL LET OLLIE OWL TELL YOU ABOUT DANIEL BOONE! HE'S AN AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT! OLLIE?

TEE, HEE! NOW YOU KNOW WHO MY HERO IS, HENERY!

AW! DRY UP!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present

TWEETY AND Sylvester

FAIR GROUNDS

~ENTRANCE~

OH! I DO HOPE MY CANNED FRUIT WINS THE BLUE RIBBON THIS YEAR I'VE WORKED SO HARD!

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE EXHIBIT

I'VE NEVER WON A BLUE RIBBON, AND IT WOULD LOOK SO PRETTY HANGING OVER THE FIREPLACE!

YOU TAKE CARE OF THOSE JARS WHILE I GO TO THE JUDGE'S STAND AND PAY MY ENTRY FEE, TWEETY!

I'LL GUARD THESE WITH EVERY OUNCE OF COURAGE IN ME' LITTLE FEATHERED BREAST!

AND ELSEWHERE ON THE FAIRGROUNDS...

SWEET SWORDFISH! MY FAVORITE KIND O' MILK IS FRESH MILK!

OPPORTUNITY DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOCK TWICE FOR ME!

MILK N' COWS IS NO TRICK FOR AN OLD FARM HAND LIKE ME!

HEY—!

SPLAT!

WHAT'S GO'N ON HERE, YOU MANGY ALLEY CAT?

AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN!

BONG!

ACHIN' ALBACORE! ALL THIS FOOD AROUND HERE, AND I CAN'T EVEN GET A TEENY SNACK!

WELL! HERE'S ONE I HAVEN'T TRIED YET!

FRUIT & VEGETABLE EXHIBIT

DOODNESS! I TAUGHT I [illegible] PUDDY TAT'; BETTER GET READY FOR TROUBLE'

MY, MY, ISN'T THIS NICE? I JUST LOVE CANNED PEACHES!

LET'S SEE... WANGS, TEN FEET... V S B.L TY, GOOD! ON TARGET... - FIRE!

HOW ABOUT SOME FWESH WATERMELON, PUDDY TAT?

SPLAT!

THERE'S TRICKERY HERE, BUT NOBODY OUTSMARTS SYLVESTER PUSSYCAT! I WILL RETURN!

IF THAT PUDDY TAT COMES BACK, I MUST BE PWEPARED! HMMM... F.RST, I WILL PAINT THIS JAR BLACK, AND THEN...

SHORTLY...

GREETINGS, YOUNG MAN! I'M HERE TO JUDGE YOUR EXHIBIT!

AND A JUDGE HAS TO TASTE THE FOOD, YOU KNOW! (HEH, HEH!) WHAT SHALL I TRY F.RST?

TWY THIS ONE, MR. JUDGE. I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE GWANNY'S PWESERVED PERSIMMONS!

THANK YOU, LITTLE FRIEND! YOU'RE VERY HELPFUL!

YEEEOW!

SPROINGGGG!

I'LL FIX **YOU**, FEATHER-BRAIN! **THEN** I'LL DO MY TASTN!

BUT, PUDDY TAT, GWANNY WILL BE VEWY PWOVOKED!

NOW I'VE GOT'CHA! ..... OUCH!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, PUDDY TAT! OH, MY DOODNESS!

YOU STOP THAT!

AAAH, G WAN BACK TO YOUR GILDED CAGE! MMMM, THIS IS GOOD!

HEAVENLY DAYS! YOU NASTY CAT... YOU'VE RUINED MY PRESERVES! AND THE JUDGES ARE DUE ANY MINUTE!

YOU...YOU SCALAWAG! COMB BACK HERE!

I'LL PICK UP ALL THIS FWUIT AND THEN I'LL PUT IT IN JARS, AND MAYBE I CAN SAVE THE DAY FOR POOR GWANNY!

OH, DEAR! IT'S TOO LATE! THE JUDGE IS COMING! GWANNY WILL **NEVER** GET A BLUE WIBBON FOR THIS MESS!

BUT I HOPE SHE DOESN'T GET THE **BOOBY** PWIZE!

JUDGE

SHORTLY

AND YOU'LL CLEAN UP EVERY BIT OF THIS MESS YOU'VE MADE!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! I'VE WON A BLUE RIBBON!

FAIR G... ENTRA...

THE BLUE WIBBON HAS TURNED HER HEAD!

AND IT'S ALL DUE TO THAT **DEAR** PUSSYCAT!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

Little PANCHO VANILLA

PAPACITO! LOOK WHAT I BREENG FROM THE BOOL REENG!

DO NOT MENTION BOOL REENG TO ME, LITTLE PANCHO! I QUEET THAT DANGEROUS BUSINESS YESTERDAY!

MAMACITA! WHERE EES MY TAMALE? I AM WAITING!

YOU WEEL WAIT PLENTY LONG...

WHEN YOU QUEET WORKING WE QUEET EATING! THE CUPBOARD SHE EES BARE!

YI-I-I! THIS CAN'T BE...

LISTEN! ALREADY MY MIDDLE EES HOLLERING FOR A TAMALE LIKE SEEXTY!

GO FIGHT A BOOL...

ARF! GROWL! ROWL!

...THEN WE ALL HAVE PLENTY TAMALES AGAIN!

NEVER WILL I FIGHT A BEEG BOOL AGAIN! NEVER!

WOULD YOU FIGHT A LEETLE BOOL, PAPACITO?

BAH! THERE EES NO SUCH THING AS A LEETLE BOOL...

THEY ARE ALL HUGE... BEEG... KEENGSIZE!

YOU ARE WRONG! LOOK AT THEES!

HUH? MIDGET BOOL!? I NEVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING!

100 CASABAS TO ANYONE WHO WILL FIGHT thees MIDGET BOOL!

IT JUST ARRIVE THEES MORNING FROM TACOS CITY! I SEE HIM WEETH MY OWN EYES!

YOJ SEE THEES BOOL?

HOW BEEG IS HE?

VERY SMALL! THEES HIGH ONLY!

SET THE TABLE, MAMACITA! YOU WEEL SOON HAVE PLENTY TAMALES!

THEN YOU FIGHT THEES BOOL, PAPACITO?

SÍ! SUCH A LITTLE BOOL EES HARMLESS! I WEEL MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF HEEM!

BOO! BOO!

THERE HE EES!

HA, HA! HO, HO! SUCH A FUNNY-LOOKING BOOL I NEVER SEE! HE EES NO BIGGER THAN A PEEG!

SNORT!

START THE FIGHT!

BREENG OUT THE M.DGET BOOL!

FOR THE LAST TIME... WHEECH ONE WEEL FIGHT THE MIDGET BOOL?

NOT ME!

NO, NO!

NOT ME!

AWK! I AM RU'NED! THE PUBLIC PAID TO SEE THE M.DGET BOOL AND ALL THE BOOLF.GHTERS ARE CHEEKEN!

SEÑOR! I AM NOT CHEEKEN!

I WEEL FIGHT THAT LEETLE FOUR-LEGGED HOT TAMALE!

SEÑOR VANILLA! YOU ARE THE MOST COURAGEOJS MATADOR OF ALL! I SALUTE YOJ!

RELEASE THE BOOL!

YEA! BRAVO!

YEA!

REMEMBER, SEÑOR, TO COLLECT THE ONE HUNDRED CASABAS YOU MUST FIGHT THE BOOL ON YOUR KNEES!

KNEES!?

SNORT!

NO WONDER THOSE BOOLFIGHTERS WERE CHEEKEN! TWEES MAKES THAT LEETLE BOOL LOOK LIKE A **BEEG** BOOL!

OOOF! MY POOR EMPTY STOMACH!

POOR PAPACITO! I DO NOT KNOW ABOUT THEES KNEE BUSINESS!

YEOW!

I THEENK MAYBE I GET UP OFF MY KNEES AND QUEET BEFORE...

YI-I-I-I! HIS HEAD EES AS HARD AS A BEEG BOOL!

AH! I GRAB YOUR TAIL! NOW, LEETLE BOOL, YOU CANNOT BUTT ME WITH YOUR HARD HEAD!

HA, HA! YOU WEEL SOON WEAR YOURSELF OUT PULLING ME AROUND, AND I WEEL WIN THE FIGHT!

WHILLIKERS! HE PLAY CRACK-THE-WEEP WITH PAPACITO!

YEOW!

OOF!

THE ONE HUNDRED CASABAS, LEETLE PANCHO! GIVE IT TO YOUR PAPACITO WHEN HE COMES TO!

SÍ SEÑOR!

HERE IS YOUR MONEY, PAPACITO!

GIVE IT TO MAMACITA, LEETLE PANCHO!

I AM ON MY WAY TO THE DOCTOR TO SEE IF I AM STILL ALIVE! IF SO, I WEEL BE HOME SOON!

WHEN YOU GET HOME, MAMACITA WEEL HAVE MANY TAMALES WAITING FOR YOU!

FEEX ME AT LEAST A DOZEN...

MY MIDDLE EES HOWLING LIKE A COYOTE WHEN THE MOON EES FULL!

Shortly...

THEY ARE READY, PAPACITO! ONE DOZEN TAMALES!

=SIGH= I CANNOT EAT THEM...

THAT LEETLE BOOL POUNDED MY MIDDLE SO HARD, THE DOCTOR SAY TO DRINK NOTHING BUT MILK FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

?

MILK! BAH! IT EES ALL THE BOOL'S FAULT! THIS TIME I AM THROUGH WEETH BOOLS FOREVER!

DON'T BE TOO SURE! BY THE TIME YOU ARE READY TO EAT AGAIN, THE CUPBOARD WEEL BE BARE!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

present

PORKY PIG

DETOUR

DETOUR

DETOUR

DETOUR

THIS IS IT!

HEY KIDS! Bike back to school on the best!

ALL THE WAY AROUND

Schwinn Bikes

BEAT 'EM ALL...
FOR BEAUTY, ZIP, EVERYTHING!

EASY PEDALING!

SCHWINN PHANTOM
Flashing . . . bright with chrome! Famous Schwinn spring fork. Automatic stop and taillight. Built-in horn and Fenderlite. Lots more features.

STYLE!

SPEED!

GUARANTEED!

NEWEST FEATURES!

LONG-LASTING!

BIG VALUE!

Free! EXCITING BICYCLE CATALOG!
All the newest Schwinn balloon and lightweight models for boys and girls shown in actual colors. Be first to get one!
Schwinn
BICYCLE CATALOG

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR SCHWINN IS TODAY'S BIGGEST BUY IN BIKES! HAVE YOUR SCHWINN DEALER PROVE IT TO DAD! Everything you want in a bike—*and more of it*—that's what a Schwinn gives you. Flashy looks, newest features and equipment, effortless pedaling, dream ride smoothness—no wonder Schwinn bikes are America's favorite make. Wheel up to school on a Schwinn—the kids will be saucer-eyed with envy.

Built to *last*, guaranteed every day you own it, a Schwinn is *big value*. These wonderful bikes come in every price range . . . in models for both boys and girls . . . balloons or lightweights. You're smart to tell Dad you want a *Schwinn*.

Arnold, Schwinn & Company
1719 N. Kildare Ave.
Chicago 39, Ill.

Please rush me free color catalog of newest Schwinn Lightweight and Balloon-tired bikes.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

"SPARK UP-with WHEATIES!"

said POWER HITTER

GEORGE KELL

of the Boston Red Sox

I COULDN'T GET ANY REAL POWER BEHIND MY HITS UNTIL GEORGE KELL GAVE ME SOME GOOD TIPS ON HITTING AND CONDITION...

BUILD UP YOUR ENERGY. SPARKIN' UP WITH WHEATIES HELPS ME. AND DON'T FORGET, PLENTY OF PRACTICE AND SLEEP.
I LIKE WHEATIES YOUR WAY, GEORGE— WITH PEACHES!
WHEATIES

SOCKO! GEORGE WAS RIGHT ABOUT WHEATIES.
NOW YOU'RE SPARKIN' LIKE A CHAMPION.
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills

Cut this photo out. Look for different champion pictures in other Dell Comics.

SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!

"Breakfast of Champions"

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE

- WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD